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ADDRESS

CHARLES GAYARRE,

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE.

THE LATE FRAUDS

PERPETRATED AT THE ELECTION

Held on the 7th November, 1873,

IN THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

(NEW ORLEANS)

PRINTED BY J. B. BOURGEOIS & CO.,
117 Poydras Street.

1874



ADDRESS

OF

CHARLES [✓]GAYARRE,
II

TO

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE,

ON

THE LATE FRAUDS

PERPETRATED AT THE ELECTION

25-10
Held on the 7th November, 1853,

IN THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS:

PRINTED BY SHERMAN & WHARTON.

98 Camp street.

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TO THE PEOPLE
OF
THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

On the 18th of September last, I authorized some of the public journals in the city of New Orleans to announce me as an independent candidate to represent in Congress the first Congressional District of the State.

In my address, of the same date, to the voters of that District, I explained the causes which, in my opinion, had compelled me to take that position, and I used these observations among others: "It may be asserted, *without fear of contradiction*, to be the general and deeply rooted belief, that, in the first congressional district, no one has a chance of being the nominee of any convention, unless he be supported by about fifteen or twenty individuals who compose, it is said, an irresistible oligarchy of leaders, and unless, to secure a majority in the convention, he should resort to such means as would altogether be inconsistent with that loftiness of mind which must characterize the man worthy of being your representative in Congress. Be this belief well founded or not, it is undeniable that it is universal, and hence the necessity of its being taken into consideration by me." Let it be remarked that these broad and public assertions stood uncontradicted, either by the press, or by any other authority. The fact is, that it was impossible not to admit truths which were as clearly revealed to all as is the light of the sun, and the consequence was, that, with the approbation of some of our most distinguished democrats, who have ever been unimpeached and are unimpeachable both in their public and private life, I positively refused to allow my name to be submitted to the Convention, and to abide by its decision, despite of the most earnest entreaties, and of the most solemn assurances that care should be taken to send such delegates to the Convention as would secure my nomination by that body. These entreaties and assurances could, of course, but confirm me in the conviction, that there was only one honorable course to pursue—that of making a direct appeal to the people—as I did.

The Convention met under these peculiar circumstances of suspicion, and nominated Judge Dunbar as the candidate, in the first District, for congressional honors. The people were taken by surprise—so much so, that one of the democratic papers of the city, whose editors are known to be the nominee's personal friends,

could not but observe : “ how the judge came to be nominated is a *puzzle*.” And was not, indeed, that nomination a *puzzle* to the people of that district? Who was Judge Dunbar, and what were the merits that recommended him to the choice, or even to the notice of the Convention? I wish to speak tenderly of that gentleman, but the necessity of the case compels me to be accurate in the sketch I must draw, in order that the logic of my argument should derive its main force from the undisputed evidence of the facts; and should no perfumed drop of courteous praise, so gratifying to the cravings of self love, be observed to drip from the close analysis I undertake, I hope it will not be attributed to any malignity of disposition on my part, or to the want of a proper desire to find out the required ingredient, but to the dry sterility of the subject.

When it was announced that Mr. Dunbar was the nominee of the Convention, a few individuals remembered that he had come to New Orleans some twenty years ago, and had plodded so obscurely at the bar that he had found it to his interest to remove to the Parish of Rapides, as a smaller theatre where his aspirations would be less obstructed by competition. I have an indistinct recollection that, from that remote section of the State, he was, once or twice, sent to the Legislature, then sitting in New Orleans; but the part which he acted in that body failed to awaken public attention, and it would require very active researches to discover, within the breadth and length of the first Congressional District, one solitary individual who could say, that to him the *legislator* had not remained as unknown as the *lawyer*. Such was the compass of the distinction acquired by Mr. Dunbar, when, on the 9th of July, 1852, he was appointed to fill a vacancy which had occurred on the Supreme Bench of the State by the death of Judge Preston of the Parish of Jefferson. The court was then composed of four members, and the three other incumbents were Judge Eustis and Judge Slidell of New Orleans, and Judge Rost of the Parish of St. Charles. Thus all these Judges were from New Orleans, or from its immediate vicinity. No one who is acquainted with the power of sectional feelings and with the intensity of that jealousy which is said to exist between the lower and upper parishes of the State, will, for a single moment, suppose that Governor Walker, of the Parish of Rapides in the Red River District, could have selected the fourth judge again from the same favored territorial circumscription. It was evident that there was some other portion of the State entitled to be represented on the Bench, and Governor Walker acted with propriety, when in the person of Mr. Dunbar, he, on the 9th of July, 1852, selected, as the successor of Judge Preston, an individual who was looked upon as a denizen of the Parish of Rapides.

This is confirmed by the course subsequently pursued by Judge

Dunbar. On the 31st of July of the same year, a new Constitution was adopted for the State of Louisiana. The article 64 of that instrument, says: *The Chief Justice shall be elected by the qualified electors of the State. The Legislature shall divide the State into four Districts, and the qualified electors of each district shall elect one of the Associate Justices.* The obvious intention of the framers of the Constitution was, to afford the opportunity, that every Judicial District be represented on the Bench by an individual connected with that district by the ties of sectionality and locality. Can it be supposed that, of all the candidates for judicial honors, Mr. Dunbar would have been the *only one* who would not have thought it a glaring impropriety, or at least a hazardous experiment, *to run, out of the district to which he really belonged?* And had he been domiciliated, or known to be domiciliated in New Orleans, would he have felt justified in soliciting the suffrages of that portion of the State most remote from the city, and to which he is now said to have, for some time past, preferred it, as a more eligible residence and as a place of more refined social enjoyment? If he had not been looked upon as having, in reality, all his interests and affections in the Parish of Rapides, and as being a *Red River man*, would he have been so handsomely voted for in the region which he is alleged to have deserted? Can Mr. Dunbar conscientiously believe, that had he been a *New Orleans man*, and had he been the most distinguished juriconsult that ever existed within its limits, he would have been supported at all in the 4th Judicial District, as a candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court? Nay—would he himself have ventured to come out as a candidate? The conclusion is inevitable, that, on the 4th of April, 1853, when the election took place, Mr. Dunbar must have been believed, or must have represented himself, as being identified with the 4th District, and not at all with the 1st, within which lies so considerable a part of the city of New Orleans.

Mr. Dunbar was not elected to the Bench, but, under the appointment given him by Governor Walker, administered justice as one of the Supreme Judges, from the first Monday of November, 1852, to the 29th of April, 1853. He performed these functions in the 1st District, and they did not make him more extensively known therein, personally, or as a judge, than he had been as a lawyer or as a legislator. As he had the reputation of possessing talent, it was expected that, during the six months he acted as judge, he would have grasped at some opportunity of displaying, in some important legal decision, the so far concealed treasures of a powerful mind. But, generally, he remained satisfied with modestly concurring in the opinion of his colleagues, and the few judgments which he delivered are neither remarkable for any profundity of learning nor any elegance of diction.

Before ascending the bench, it is said that Mr. Dunbar had, for some time past, resumed his profession at the New Orleans bar. But it is very difficult to ascertain the correctness of this assertion, in as much as, among the numerous jurors who attend our District Courts, none have as yet been discovered who ever heard the sound of his voice in any case at all, and his name never or seldom appears on any of the dockets of those courts, or of the Supreme Court; and, whatever may be his talents, I certainly shall not be contradicted by the bar, nor by the public, when I affirm, that he kept them roosting to his breast, and did not permit the eaglets to fly from their nest. Obscure as a lawyer, *in the first district at least*, and not more conspicuous as a judge, he kept himself in the same glimmering twilight as a politician—so much so—that, before his nomination by a Democratic convention, it was known only to a few individuals that he had, not long since, belonged to the Whig party. Nor can it be received as an evidence of the possession of any great intellectual faculties, that the professional gentleman I speak of should have lived about twenty years in the midst of a French population, without having, not by study, or any mental effort, but merely by the natural process of assimilation, or accretion, acquired some knowledge of their language. Admitting that, on that point, the promptings of interest were never felt, or that the antipathies of taste, or the waywardness of inclination were more readily consulted, yet it is evident that the common observation, that a capacious mind draws within itself, by the very law of its organization, and on the principle of attraction, every sort of knowledge which may be within its reach, is not applicable to Judge Dunbar.

So far as it can be ascertained, Judge Dunbar never was known to raise his voice, in the 1st District, in favor of the Democratic party in any popular assembly, nor has it been possible to discover, whether the judge had at least, and in the last resort, thought of possessing something in common with his fellow citizens of the 1st District, by having consented to make some investment therein, and thereby sharing with them the burden of taxation with which they are crushed. I am also compelled by the drift of my argument to remark, that the judge appears to be of a retired and saturnine disposition, and that, previous to his nomination by the late Convention, he was not known, even by sight, to one out of a hundred of his present constituents, and, therefore, could not have been picked by the Convention on account of his *availability* and his *possession of personal popularity*. Nay—so little known was he in every way, that, when he suddenly emerged as a candidate from the womb of the Convention, the question was seriously raised whether he was domiciliated in the 1st District; and it could be answered by no body, except the editor of the Louisiana Courier, who favored us with the information, that

the judge rented a furnished room in Dauphine street in the first District, and took his meals at the St. Charles in the second, and thus occupied a dubious position of equilibration, or of suspension, like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth—so that those who were not familiar with the provisions of our laws which regulate a man's domicile, were as sadly puzzled in relation to this matter, as they had been about the cause of the judge's nomination. Was the question to be decided by the bed, or by the board? Which was the more important function—that of taking nutrition, or resting in sweet oblivion of the cares of existence? Whatever be the requirements of our code on the subject, one thing is certain, that, if the judge lived with us, it was mostly during that portion of the day when the consciousness of self is lost, and that this circumstance could not but rub off some of the merit of the intended compliment, particularly whilst it is remembered that he preferred the 2d District, at those hours when he resumed the energies and the enjoyments of life.

The object of the preceding statement is not to produce any feeling of mortification any where, but to demonstrate, that Mr. Dunbar had not the slightest claims to be even thought of by the Convention, either on the ground of personal popularity, or any manifestation of talent, or the possession of interests and affections in common with the people of the 1st District, who could not therefore but be *puzzled* at the honor conferred upon him by that body. Next came the natural and inevitable inquiry into the secret motives which must have operated upon the Convention, since there were no apparent reasons for the course it had pursued; and the impression that finally kept hold of the public mind convinced me that I was right, when I declared, that none could be the nominee of that convention, under the existing circumstances, without subjecting himself to imputations of a disgraceful nature. Thus Mr. Dunbar, much to his annoyance no doubt, and perhaps without any fault of his, was generally considered as the nominee of a *clique* or *oligarchy*, and not of the *party*, and the belief spread far and wide, that he was indebted for the support of that *clique* to the omnipotent influence of a gentleman who aspires to a reëlection to the Senate of the United States, and who is presumed to have some reasonable hopes, that the members of the State Legislature from the 4th District, in which Judge Dunbar is such a favorite, will be disposed to show themselves grateful for the compliment paid to their sympathies, and for the attention shown to their local interests.

What was worse, a presentiment settled over the whole city, that the most fraudulent means would be resorted to, in order to secure the election of the congressional nominee, and that also of members of the Legislature pledged in favor of the pretensions of the well known individual who so ardently covets the prolongation of

the tenure of his senatorial seat at Washington, and whose name had been so unfortunately, and perhaps so unjustly, connected with a stupendous fraud alleged to have been committed in the Parish of Plaquemines, in the Presidential election of 1844. But, whether these surmises were well founded or not, and whether great injustice was done or not to the persons suspected, is not now the question. I merely assert the fact, that the public mind was extensively agitated by the prognostication of monstrous outrages against the elective franchise, and readily came to the conclusion, that immense sums of money would be spent from a certain quarter, in furtherance of one domineering, unscrupulous and all crushing ambition.

Thus stood matters in New Orleans, when, on the 25th of October, the judges of election were, it was thought, illegally appointed by the Board of Assistant Aldermen, which was supposed to be entirely under the thumb of the *dreaded influence*, instead of having been chosen by the joint action of that body, and of the Board of Aldermen, which was known not to be liable to the same objection. This circumstance strengthened the rumors that were afloat, but as I understand that this question is to be judicially settled, I shall abstain from commenting on its merits. Suspicion, however, grew into conviction, when it was ascertained that all the judges of election, secretaries, &c., were on *one* side—nay—on that side of the political horizon from which some strange wind was expected to blow. It was natural for the public to infer from an exhibition of tactics which were without a precedent in the annals of party warfare, that some master spirit was aiming at uncommon results. We shall soon see whether the popular instinct was at fault.

On the 4th of November, three days previous to the election, I took the occasion to say, in an address to the pilots at the Balize and the South-West Pass, published in several of the papers of this city: "It is the boast of Democracy that its mission is to reform abuses every where, (among us at least,) and I therefore acted consistently with the doctrine of the party, when I refused to submit my name to a Convention, which public opinion reprobated as being the complacent creature of a few leaders, and not the expression of the popular will. Admitting that the reverse was the truth, none will dare deny that public opinion was obstinately blind to it, and that some degree of respect was due to the only sovereignty we recognise, even when falling into so fatal an error. *If twelve respectable men could have been found in the whole District, willing to record it under their own signatures and on their honor,* to be their sincere conviction that the Convention had not been *so packed* as to secure the votes of the majority in favor of any individual designated by half a score of rulers, I would not now stand before you as *an independent candidate.*"

This seemed to many a very bold and hazardous assertion, and the public expected, when I thus threw the gauntlet, that it would be taken up, and that such an opportunity would gladly be seized upon, to drive me out of the position behind which I had entrenched myself, by recording, *under the signature and on the honor of twelve respectable men, that they believed the Convention not to have been a mere instrument in the hands of a few.* From the profound silence observed on that occasion, and which was understood as a tacit acquiescence, the public could not but draw the conclusion: 1st. That the Convention had been *packed*. 2d. That the congressional nominee was not the representative of the Democratic party, but of a handful of men, for their own selfish purposes, whether he consented to it or not; and, 3d. That extraordinary engines would be used to prevent a defeat which was more than probable, and which would annihilate forever that squad of leaders whose domination was the cause of so much complaint. The masses frequently arrive at the knowledge of great truths, as it were by intuition, and without stopping to analyze the causes of their belief, or impressions. But the philosopher is bound to proceed by the legitimate and unexceptionable channel of either logical or mathematical demonstration.

Thus, in the Presidential election of 1848, there were 4827 votes polled in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, 4452 in the Presidential election in November, 1852, and 4591 at the Governor's election in December of the same year—giving, from November to December, an increase of 139 votes—which are very easily accounted for by the fact, that a good many of our citizens are still absent in November; and the very sameness of result at the ballot box, within the short interval of one month, shows that the vote can be relied on as *correct*, and that it was about the *real vote* of those two Municipalities at the time. From the preceding numbers what was the vote to be expected on the 7th of November, 1853? It is well known that the city had been lately decimated by the most frightful epidemic, and it would be a *low calculation* to estimate the number of voters who died, at 600, in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, and of those still absent on the 7th of November at 200, and this would give a decrease of 800. Admitting, on the other hand, an increase of 200 from the *legally* naturalized, in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, *since the epidemic*, and supposing that it very nearly counterbalances the number of absentees, we cannot be taxed with exaggeration when we set down at 600 the decrease of voters in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, since 1852. Hence is it not statistically demonstrated, that the number of voters, in November, 1853, could not have exceeded 4000 at most? What was the number polled? 5990!—giving an increase in the year of about 2000 votes! This speaks for itself. The fraud stands revealed in all its native deformity.

There is however one green spot in that black and festering mass of corruption. It is the town of Algiers opposite New Orleans. Its citizens are said to be systematically opposed to fraud and to have attempted its prevention on every occasion. The statistics of the votes of that town, now the terminus of one of the most magnificent railroads contemplated in this State, will therefore throw much light on this question. Thus, in the Presidential election of 1848, it gave 281 votes, 222 in the presidential election of November, 1852—224 in the Governor's election which took place a month after, and 170 votes in the last election, on the 7th of November, 1853—showing a decrease of more than one-fourth! Yet it is admitted that the town of Algiers has been comparatively far more prosperous, and has been increasing much faster in population, than New Orleans in the aggregate. Why therefore should we not be permitted to apply the same proportionate rate of decrease, in the number of voters, to the 1st and 3d Municipalities, which are acknowledged to be in a state of consumptive decline? And if we even keep short of it, and put down the decrease of votes in the 1st and 3d Municipalities at only 1000, instead of 1147, as we ought, if we took the last gubernatorial vote as the datum, and the last as well as the precedent vote of Algiers as the criterion of decrease, we shall find that the total vote of the two Municipalities ought not to have been more than about 3591. At any rate, it could not have exceeded 4000 as I have stated above, with the allowance of the most liberal calculation. But, as Junius once said: I will not recall the *charitable donation*. Still it leaves an unexplained increase of 1990 votes. The demon of fraud himself could not therefore, on this occasion, have the supernatural effrontery of denying his intervention in human affairs. He is detected with the *mainour*, in the very act of felony. He stands self convicted, and he had better put a bold face on it, as suits his character, and openly boast of—rather than sneakingly attempt to conceal—his infernal triumph. He stands *self-convicted*, I say; and how could it be otherwise, when, even setting aside these damning statistics, thousands of witnesses, aghast at a degree of audacity so barefaced and shameless as to look like a portentous novelty, saw furniture carts, loaded with human lumber, and running in every direction, by the dozen, and full speed, with the same men who had received the mandate to vote four or five times at every poll, and who obeyed their instructions with exemplary fidelity. I throw a veil over other transactions which are too revolting to be exposed to the public gaze, and which, were they set forth in the mildest form that mercy could give to them, would still be looked upon, out of this city, not as realities, but as the monstrous inventions of a diseased imagination.

Out of the 3591 votes, or thereabout, which could be legally

polled in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, I obtained 2082, and 2659* in the whole district, under the most unfavorable circumstances, as every one knows. Running as an independent candidate, I could not gather round me any of the energies and means of influence derived from the political organization of a party, and I stood *alone*, with my feeble personal resources, with no help from any of the election committees without which it is thought that no struggle of the kind can be successfully conducted, with no golden attractions to present to a certain category of voters, and even with no one at the Polls, to prevent my tickets from being lacerated. Nevertheless, as I have said, I obtained 2082 votes in the 1st and 3d Municipalities. I furthermore obtained a majority of 42 votes in the Parish of St. Bernard, and could have exulted at a result of the like nature, in the Parish of Plaquemines, which is so thoroughly Democratic, and so celebrated for the uncompromising zeal of its political creed, if the Sheriff had not thought proper to close his official returns within forty eight hours, without waiting, or sending, for the election return of a precinct, not more than thirty miles distant from his place of residence. Whether he acted legally, or not, on that occasion, is a question which, I understand, is to be submitted to a judicial investigation. Be it as it may, by the suppression of the return of that precinct, the majority is thrown on the other side, but does not exceed eight votes, notwithstanding the organized and swelled up 264 votes of the pilots, which were cast in a lump for my adversary, without a solitary straggler being permitted to run away from their well disciplined ranks. Under these circumstances, whether I am elected or not by the legal voters of the district, is a question which I leave to the public, and to the conscientious examination of the high minded and honorable Judge Dunbar himself.

I now call the attention of the people of the State to the following synopsis of the votes cast in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, at every congressional election since 1847. In that year, La Sère and Montegut running—3960 votes; in 1849, La Sère and Jackson—5256; in 1851, St. Martin and Hagan—5260; in 1853, Gayarre and Dunbar—5990. Be it remarked, merely as a matter of innocent curiosity, that, in the three last congressional elections, the aggregate vote in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, was greater than in the Presidential or Gubernatorial elections which are generally so fiercely disputed. Certainly there must be something at the bottom of this mysterious well. Will truth ever come out of its depth? But to the point. Deducting from the *very full* vote of 1851, in the Congressional election, only 600 for the decrease of voters in consequence of the reasons alleged in my preceding

* Without counting the votes which I received in the precinct whose return was not waited for by the Sheriff, in the Parish of Plaquemines.

remarks, we find 4660 as the probable vote of 1853, and, instead of 600, deducting 1000, which ninety-nine individuals in New Orleans out of a hundred will say is the number approximating more to the truth, as demonstrated by taking, for our criterion, the decrease of voters in the flourishing town of Algiers, where no fraud was committed, and we have: 4260—showing in the one hypothesis, a spurious vote of 1330, and in the other, 1730, by subtracting, alternately, either 4660, or 4260, from the 5990 votes thrown into the ballot box on the 7th of November, 1853. So—on whatever basis the calculations be conducted, be it on the last Presidential, Gubernatorial, or Congressional vote, the same, or very nearly the same, mathematical results are obtained. Whatever be the test by which the equation is tried, and the rules by which it is worked, the same algebraical solution drops from the calculator's pen. Whether the tenure of a seat in Congress on such terms is reconcilable with the feelings of honorable gentlemen, is a question which it would be idle to discuss, or the demonstrations derived from the universally acknowledged authority of statistics, which are undisputed and undisputable, are no longer to be resorted to and to be relied upon.

But whether Judge Dunbar or myself would have been elected to a seat in the Congress of the United States, if a stupendous and unparalleled fraud had not been perpetrated, I consider to be a matter of little importance, and the settling of that question would not justify me in going into all these details, and in laying such an address before the people of the State. Let it be well understood that I have not one word to say about private grievances, and no personal redress to seek, but, as a citizen, bound by hereditary ties to the land of my birth, I deem it my duty to denounce as loudly as I can, the most flagitious, daring and dangerous outrage that ever was committed against the peace and dignity of the State and against the security of those institutions which are the palladium of her prosperity.

It is a fact susceptible of mathematical demonstration, as I have shown, and of public notoriety, as every respectable inhabitant of New Orleans will vouch for, that, out of the 5990 votes polled in the 1st and 3d Municipalities, two thousand were spurious. What occurred in the 2d Municipality and in the district which was formerly called the city of Lafayette was equally nefarious in all its details and hell black in its complexion, so that about 4000 fraudulent votes were manufactured, for the whole of New Orleans, out of the 13,102 received; and this result was obtained at the ballot box, after a diminution in our population of about twenty thousand souls produced by death since the last Gubernatorial election, and of at least ten thousand, caused by the absence of those that had fled from the late epidemic, and had not yet returned! 13,102 votes in November, 1853, when only 9604 could

be found at the Governor's election, in December, 1852! It is well known that this result was come to, not by producing at the Polls four thousand men, who could not be thus marshalled up, *because they did not exist*, but by multiplying five or six hundred stipendiaries, who were rapidly conveyed from one Poll to another, and who voted as often as it was thought proper by their chiefs. I deem it supererogatory to relate some of the strange scenes that were witnessed on that memorable day—the 7th of November, 1853—nor am I willing to ascertain who were the evil doers. There, lies the *corpus delicti*—the bodily evidence of murder. I denounce the *crime*, the repetition of which it is the interest of society to prevent, but it would not suit me to point out the *criminal*, if I knew him, to the executioner. I would leave it to those who may be clothed with the proper legal authority, to walk up to the murderer, and say to him: *there is blood on thy face*.

But, with the emphasis of deep sorrow and with the energy of honest indignation, I do call the attention of the people of the State to the following facts: incredible as it may sound, *one-fourth* of the whole vote polled in New Orleans, at the recent election held on the 7th of November, was notoriously spurious! *Four thousand fraudulent votes* can be cast in this city! This can be done, has been done, and may be done again at the bidding of a few individuals; and, as from the ballot box springs the supreme law of the land, and its government, in the shape of a constitution, and by the process of never ceasing legislation, as well as by the election of State and Municipal officers, these few men are not only the *supreme masters* of New Orleans, but also of the State, without even incurring the dangers which always attend an open despotism. When and where was any society or community in a more dangerous situation? If such a state of demoralization is not put a stop to, what awful consequences will it not produce! What do we see already? Let him who wishes to be informed listen to that voice which may be heard in the street, in the market place, in the public square, in the hall of office, in the open saloon, in the chamber of privacy—every where: “We are rotten to the core”, it exclaims. “Our free institutions exist but in theory or semblance—the practice belies them. What is the use of going to the ballot box, when it opens or closes its mouth, only according to the dictates of a Venitian oligarchy, and when an honest man has but *one* vote, and a rogue *ten*?” Nay—the feeling of despair is carried so far, that our most respectable citizens consider it fruitless to make the slightest effort to redeem themselves from the disgraceful bondage, which they think beyond remedy, and you may hear them say with the deepest and most humiliating dejection: “Our only policy is to leave the sons of scoundrelism and bribery to be masters of the field without opposition, and our only hope is, that they may tear themselves to

pieces, when they come to the division of the spoils, and that we may profit by their quarrels." Ay—we have come to this—we, the descendants of the patriots of 1776, and the possessors of the heritage they bequeathed to us, have sunk lower than the stricken deer who may entertain some faint hope that his blood may cease to flow from his torn entrails, whilst the hounds that lapped it are fighting among themselves for its luscious drops.

But we are not to suffer *alone* from this state of degradation, and the infection will spread from this sink of putrefaction to the most distant regions. "What"!—says the poor exile who fled from the scourge of despotism, and came to our shore, broken hearted, but with the hope that his drooping spirits would revive at the sight of our virtues and the harmonious working of our institutions: "Is this the model of a republic? Is *this* self government!—the popular government! the people's administration!—established under the most favorable circumstances, with the smile of heaven and earth upon it, and when it has to contend with no other obstacles than those which arise from the imperfections of our human nature! Have we been all this time, in Europe, indulging in wild dreams which can never be converted into realities! Is *this* the state of things we would produce by subverting existing governments! Is it to give power—unshakable—uncurtailable power—apparently, in the name of the people, but, in truth, without their action, consent, or coöperation whatever, and through corrupt means, to ignorance, rascality and effrontery! If we *must* have, by the decrees of fate, a foot on our breast, better the satin clad one of the prince or the queen than that of the scavenger, enclosed in its dirty, straw stuffed wooden shoe. It weighs and stinks less. Better be the property of the monarch with an ancestry of a thousand years—of him who was heralded into this world, at his birth, with all the pomp of royalty, than be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for the mushroom nabob cradled in a tallow tub, or be the unfed dog of the keeper of a common stew, whose body and soul reek of the perfumes of his daily occupations." I affirm that I have heard these desponding remarks from the most enlightened of those enthusiastic foreigners who have sought a refuge and a home among us. But, although grieved to the very depths of my soul, I take a more encouraging view of the subject, and I think that, like the Romans of old, a true patriot ought never to despair of the republic. In the very excess of an evil there may be found a cure for the evil itself. The principles of new vitality and reproduction are discernible even in putrified matter, and we are promised resurrection in death.

It is related that a catholic who, some centuries ago, visited Rome, drew confirmation of his faith from the very extent of the corruption which surrounded the papal seat, and came to the con-

clusion, that a religion which had so long resisted and outlived the effects of so much perversity, must be of divine origin. Let us apply the same mode of reasoning to our institutions, and look at them with the same persevering faith: but it is time that the celestial spear of the archangel should drive away the demon that has entered the holy precincts where is planted the tree of liberty, if we wish to rest long under its shade and to extend it over mankind.

This State has a solemn duty to perform towards herself, towards the whole American Confederacy, and towards the world. It is to punish the perpetrators of the late outrage, whoever they may be, if they can be discovered—an outrage, whose consequences may be so great and so extensively felt—or, at least, to prevent the guilty from reaping any advantage from their own misdeeds; and next, to adopt the most efficacious means to foreclose for ever the repetition of such a crime. As an humble member of the commonwealth, I have acted the part which conscience, education, and perhaps the cherished recollection of departed worth, imposed upon me. It would be Quixotic to go farther. I therefore retire from the contest at peace with myself, and I would fain hope—with others.

I have, in parting, one word to say to those who affect to pity me as a *lunatic*, or as an infatuated and inexperienced fool, *totally deprived of all knowledge of the world*, for having, by the course I have pursued, turned my back on the avenue to lucrative office or political honors. I wish them to understand that I am grateful for the expression of this feeling of commiseration, but that I am not a fit subject on which to bestow such a boon, because I have already occupied in life, and may again occupy, positions which, to others, I know, would have been the cause of the keenest torture, although they were to me the source of the most exquisite enjoyment. I am not, therefore, in reality, so much of a *lunatic* as they think, and I am not so deficient in what they are pleased to call the *knowledge of the world*, as not to be sensible that, in the estimation of the common herd of bipeds that people this earth, glorification is due to *success*, and contumely to *defeat*. That is the first impulse, it is true, of our race; but it is not the less true, that there is in its nature something by which it is soon redeemed from its ignoble instincts, and which, surely, if slowly, brings forth the hour of reaction; and we know that many of the names which have remained embalmed in human recollection have not invariably been borne by those whom success attended in life. The gold which rewarded the betraying kiss of the Jewish apostate was *success* at the time. Gold is still *success*, and remains the idol of mankind. The transfixed hands and feet, the bleeding breast, the thorn crowned head, which hung on the wooden cross of Golgotha, amidst the sneers and shouts of the rabble—that was defeat in the

eye of the world. But that awful embodiment of defeat and misery—what has it become ever since?—the living God whose sway spreads every day! Then let it be recorded, in justice to mankind, that, if it worships the gold of perdition, that once bought “the potter’s field, to bury strangers in,” it has also its adoration for the intrinsically worthless wooden cross, which is the emblem of sacrifice and salvation. The one, I say, is the acknowledged *idol*—the other—the *God*. Be it so. Let every man to his taste, to his choice and to his creed.

I cannot close this address, without eagerly availing myself of this opportunity to express my warmest thanks to those of my fellow citizens who, with 2659 votes, have spontaneously given me so flattering a proof of their esteem and confidence. When I consider the quality, as well as the number, of the votes thus obtained, and the adverse circumstances under which that support was tendered me, I confess myself elated with a feeling of pride, which, I trust, is too pure to be sinful. To those who so highly favored me, I am gratified to declare that I remain a willing and grateful debtor. But if I relinquish the ambition of serving them in a public capacity, I do not forget, and I beg them to keep in mind, that there are, in private life, pursuits of at least equal dignity and of as much comprehensive usefulness. In the shades of retirement, I shall joyfully resume those labors which I had undertaken for the benefit of my fellow citizens, and which, perhaps, may ultimately redound to the credit of my native State and secure some honest fame for myself, without my obtaining the previous consent of any election jobbers, without reverentially bowing to intrigue and corruption and embracing degradation in its worst form, without assimilating myself to those worms which are engendered and creep in the gutters and sewers of every commonwealth, without defiling the purity of our institutions, without abdicating the independence of the citizen, and without sacrificing the character of the American gentleman.

CHARLES GAYARRE.

NEW ORLEANS, November 23, 1853.

The author of this pamphlet believes that every assertion contained in it is strictly true, and can be judicially proved. He invites the public and those of his fellow citizens who may take a personal and direct interest in the matter, to point out to him any error into which he may have fallen, because there is no other occasion on which the duty of retraction would be more joyfully submitted to, and the work of correction more readily undertaken, by one whose most ardent wish is to palliate, or even conceal if possible, whilst attempting to cure, those deformities which disgrace the object of his patriotic attachment and filial piety.



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